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The President Goes to Congress

THE PRESIDENT'S appearance before a joint session of the Senate and the House did much to give point to the leading article in last week's COMMONWEAL regarding the machinery of our foreign relations. It obviously did a great deal to clarify the atmosphere and generally improve the chances of Senate ratification of the postwar structure Mr. Roosevelt has been trying to elaborate. But the fact that he elected to make this report to the legislative branch of our government is no guarantee that he will do so again or that future presidents will do so. Hence we still insist on the need for reforming our governmental machinery so that a closer relationship between the Executive and the Legislative with respect to foreign policy shall be not optional but mandatory.

What Mr. Roosevelt told the Congress does not substantially modify our judgment—in the main favorable—of the Yalta conference. But the publication of the "solution" of the voting procedure in the Council of the proposed United Nations Organization gives rise to very disturbing thoughts. It confirms our fears of Big Three dominance without any genuine machinery to prevent strife among the Big Three themselves. Of course this arrangement is still subject to modification at San Francisco. Perhaps it is the only setup to which the consent of all of the Big Three could be secured. But on the face of it it does not look too good.

Killing the Goose

INDIGNATION over the demands of John L. Lewis for his soft coal miners seems to be well split between protests against the "excessiveness" and threatening character of such demands in war time and sharp comment about his ten-cent royalty scheme. The latter has terrific potentialities. Mr. Petrillo has demonstrated what can be done when a union royalty arrangement is applied to phonograph record manufacture. Coal mining is bigger game. If the owners should agree to pay the United Mineworkers a ten-cent royalty for every ton of bituminous coal mined throughout the country, that union would amass some fifty million dollars the very first year. And, according to Mr. Lewis's vaguely worded formula as to the purpose of such moneys, that vast sum could be used to almost any end.

At first sight such demands seem clever. They provide one way of getting around the current wage ceiling of the Little Steel formula. Smaller sums could certainly be used to advantage in providing for medical expenses, involuntary unemployment, educational and recreational programs, and old age benefits sufficient to make up for the admittedly inadequate state and federal social security payments. Even at present wage levels miners are simply unable to set aside enough for a really rainy day. There is a peculiarly suitable aspect to workers' royalties on coal mining, since so much of the industry is absentee-owned and owners receive payment from operators in the form of royalties. Yet there is something highly disquieting about the Lewis royalty scheme.

It is not a good thing for an American labor union to pile up millions in the bank. In the coal industry, for instance, where tension between miners and operators is frequent, such funds could be used to finance a months-long strike regardless of the justice of the miners' demands or the needs of the rest of the country. Unions with huge funds in their treasuries—and funds which do not have to be accounted for publicly—invariably get politically minded with highly unfortunate results. And, of course, if the royalty idea should spread to other industries sufficiently, it would become primarily an inflationary factor.

Before any such device gains approval it should be subjected to the most severe limitations. It should be forbidden at the outset to utilize such funds for general union purposes. They should be clearly earmarked for certain specific educational, health and social security purposes, and the scheme should not be agreed upon until a sound program with responsible administrators is

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set up. The expenditure of such considerable moneys would have to be fully and publicly accounted for. On his past record it is doubtful whether Mr. Lewis can commit himself to any such regimen. That is not his style. And his conduct during this war has aroused the greatest animosity among responsible union leaders. This is no matter of jurisdictional disputes. The "victories" which leaders such as James Petrillo and John L. Lewis gain for their adherents are only temporary. They bring considerably closer by popular demand a national regulation of labor unions so stringent as to impede the workers in all industries from obtaining what is their due through their respective unions. Short-sighted labor leadership also postpones indefinitely the day when labor and management will share responsibility, ownership and profits in a spirit of true partnership and in the common interest.

Economic Democracy

EQUALITY of opportunity is a principle deeply embedded in the American synthesis. We have always wanted it and we have boasted that we had it and to a certain extent we have had it. But we have also not had it. With the disappearance of the frontier the lack of it has been more acute, since as long as there was a frontier the aggrieved could look to it as a place where they might have a chance denied them by prejudice in the older settled areas of the country. The frontier was a psychological safety valve fully as much as it was an actual safety valve.

The fact is that in considerable areas of American life prejudice denies equality of opportunity. Not by any means in all areas, but in areas sufficiently wide to demand remedy. It is an old story that for years there were certain jobs not open to Irish people; later on, similar jobs were not open to Italians or Spaniards or Central Europeans. Of recent years many jobs have been substantially closed to Jews. And there is a great area of job discrimination against Negroes. All of these prejudices continue to exist, but everyone must grant that anti-Irish feeling is far less acute and that anti-Latin or Slavic feeling is diminishing. Hence New York's new legislation against job discrimination will principally apply to Jews and Negroes. The Ives-Quinn Act is a handsome present for the Urban League's "Vocational Opportunity Campaign" (March 11-18). It is also a nice present for the "Interracial Justice Week in Catholic Colleges" (March 5-10). But in the midst of all the congratulations a note of warning must be sounded. Such legislation is rife with risk. If it is not administered by men of wisdom as well as good will, it can easily become a legal source of blackmail on a wholesale scale. And this will do infinitely more harm than good. Our rejoicing over the passage of this act should not keep us from watching very closely the nature of Governor Dewey's appointments to the board the act creates.

Chapultepec

UNIVERSAL acclaim has greeted the unanimous adoption of the Act of Chapultepec by the twenty nations of the Inter-American Organization Committee, March 3. The agreement of the delegates at Mexico City to guarantee present boundaries and to settle all disputes within this hemisphere only by peaceful means is indeed the culmination of the Good Neighbor policy. If it is ratified by the respective nations, the knowledge that all American states will take joint action against an aggressor should go far toward abolishing war in this hemisphere for good.

There are two immediate obstacles to the realization of this agreement. The first is the desire of many American nations to solve their difficulties in a manner somewhat independent of the general Dumbarton Oaks framework. It is a manifestation of a sort of hemisphere isolationism which may be ironed out at San Francisco.

The other difficulty is more urgent. How can there be hemisphere security so long as a belligerent Argentina remains without the pale? Despite recent government measures of a more conciliatory character the Farrell régime is apparently continuing to arm the nation to an extent which is deeply disquieting to a number of smaller neighbors. The colonels' régime has about as little to recommend it as any government; it even lacks the provocation which brought Rightist dictators into power in several European countries. Despite all this the feeling grows that adherence to the Act of Chapultepec must be made easy for Argentina. The Americas must be one. For that outsider no prescription which is in fact humiliating in its terms will work. A feasible means must be found to bring in Argentina.

N.B.

THE New York *Times* reports from London a speech by the Most Reverend Bernard Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster (the successor of Cardinal Hinsley), urging people to refrain from criticizing President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill for giving in to Marshal Stalin on the Polish question. Archbishop Griffin says in part: "The facts are that Marshal Stalin refused to yield to the persuasion of his British and American colleagues. The alternatives before President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill at Yalta were whether to accept the Russian solution of the Polish problem or to take the first step leading to separation and ultimately to a state of war between the Soviet Union and the democracies."

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Come Sweet Death

BUT IT is not always that way. They turn on the gas and there is an explosion, or there is not, and, when there is, everyone in the apartment house of course says something about London, it's just like being in London. Or they drop out of the window. Or maybe they are murdered in a bath tub. That is when there is a news story about them when they die. Or if an airplane smashes into a mountain, or if there is a train wreck, or a fire, a big fire. When they die in bed there is no story. The obituary page is excellent and unemotional but it only tells about their lives and not about their deaths; there is a daily page of interesting biography but nothing at all about the moment of death. There was a girl who died who was very fond of snakes; she went to college and receive an AB and an MA but all she cared about was snakes and so she became a curator of snakes in a zoo and when a snake had to have its teeth fixed she was the one to do the job; also she took loving care of any snake that was ill. There is nothing strange about that story; it is interesting all the same to know about people—only the story told nothing about her attitude toward death which came to her when she was still quite young, and nothing about death's approach to her and whether death was gentle or not, tender or not, the sister of sleep or not. The story did not tell whether the coffin fitted into the elevator or did not, or whether the hearse had to double park because there were two delivery trucks at the side entrance of the apartment house. So that you do not know whether there was any respect anywhere surrounding this death, and perhaps it is better to have it all in a hospital where everything is attended to like a letter in the mail. The obituary about the old newspaper man is always an interesting one also, because there is always the day when he found a laundry slip at the scene of the crime and that is what they have to say about him, because if he had not picked up the slip the crime might never have been solved. Or the day when the late Mr. Van Anda found an error in an Einstein formula. It is always about these fragments of life that the obituaries speak.

When the New York papers print pictures of the young men killed in action the captions have not caught up with death; the captions are about life. They say he went to Exeter, he went to Andover, he went to Saint Paul's; there is nothing much more to say. Except that he rowed on the crew, played ice hockey, played baseball, played football, ran track, sang in the Glee Club. What there is to write, of the deaths of these young men, was written in the nineteen twenties and, in a few years, wil be written again. So that one may wait to find out what death is like in battle until it is safe and profitable for writers to be honest once again about what it is like to die in battle, or one can go back to the writers who described death in the last war, which was a horrible death, and make, simply, the necessary corrections for the caliber of the guns, the speed of the planes, the weight of the bombs, the distances, the numbers of men involved, the lengthened years of war. If one has plenty of time one may go further back, start with "War and Peace," work forward, through Stephen Crane, to the great French writers. If one has any feeling of haste then he can watch how the Japanese die in the news reels; they die as our men die.

Heroic death, sweet death, the body shrivels in the flame. The Chinese body, the German body, the American body is caught in the barbed wire. Whose body where the bomb has fallen? Who can find it? Does it matter what boy it is who hangs from the balcony above the doorway of his house or in what French city where the Germans hanged him or anywhere else whoever hanged him? Or the Arabs in North Africa, shot when they tried to rob our convoys, and left along the roads so that other Arabs would see them and not try to rob our convoys? Or the gophers on American roads out West where the cars have run over them and the other gophers come to eat them and the cars run over these also until the road gets slippery? What matter what body it is that will never be found beneath the rubble of Warsaw, the rubble of Dresden, what body locked in the sunken ship in the darkness?

There is no lament for the dead in the time of plague.

When it is very late at night in New York there is still music on the radio all night and in between two ballads there was this announcer saying there are feathers in this studio, this is the queerest studio I have ever been in, there are chicken feathers floating all round the studio. The "Milkman's Matinée" is a very restful all night program but somehow you turn the dial and there was Bach's "Come, Sweet Death" and that is not the music for death in this city or for death in this war. When someone is dying in Ferney the Church bell tolls, the priest brings the Sacrament, the family is there at the bedside, and if it is possible to die in peace and only the prayers quietly at the bedside and the church bell tolling, then it is possible to die that way in a village in France. When the time comes they shut the shops and the cafés; the women walk first behind the hearse to the church, and then to the cemetery; the men follow the women; they wait outside the church, and then they fall in behind the women when the priest comes out and leads all the people of the village to the cemetery.

C. G. PAULDING.

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You Can't Marry a Filipino

Not if you live in California

Iris B. Buaken

Of course it is very fine when there are bridesmaids and the dress is ordered and the refreshments, and the pastor knows the families and all the friends are there; it is fine also when the man and the girl are alone before the priest and they bring in someone off the street to stand there with them, and the world is silent and only the promise is spoken and the priest and God hear the promise; but how is it when the law forbids a man and a woman to speak the words of the promise, with or without friends, with or without a priest, when the law says you must not make the promise for God or man to hear? Mrs. Buaken tells her story of racial injustice in her own way, arguing in her own way with the Army and the Californians telling her what she must not do; she tells her story as best she can and it is a better story than if a professional had written it for her. We have added only a brief digest of marriage laws of some of our Western States, together with a citation from Canon Law and a comment thereon.—THE EDITORS.

HAVE YOU HEARD what the Catholic Chaplain said to the Governor of California? Do you know of the deadlock that has existed for years in California in which thousands of men have been denied the right to marry and told to resort to prostitution? Did you know that of all Christians on the Pacific Coast, only Catholic priests have lifted their voices in defense of the right of Filipinos to have a normal home and family life?

It is a deadlock that has poisoned democracy and Christianity for years. On one side are the Filipinos of the United States—young, loyal Christians brought to this country by the glowing legend of the land of opportunity and equality—in search of education in the modern Christian way. They were not accompanied by Filipino women. The Immigration Service has made that nearly impossible. There is in the Philippines a tradition of inter-marriage. The great leaders of the country have been men of mixed blood—the late President Quezon, Sergio Osmena, President of the Philippines, are good representatives of the vigorous, socially-honored mestizo class. The Filipinos of the US have been firm in their determination to marry here, for economic and social conditions have generally made it impossible for them to return to the Philippines. They are determined not to go home without the training they came here for, and the path of education for Filipinos in the US has been strewn with thorns. Many educational institutions have raised tuitional and other barriers against Filipinos, in specific race discrimination. Filipinos have been determined to marry and enjoy the companionship of decent women. They brought high ideals and Christian up-bringing. They have been attracted to and have attracted many fine white girls.

But California had a race marriage law that prevents the marriage of Filipinos to "Caucasians" on the ground that Filipinos are Mongolians. Resourceful Salvador Roldan successfully disputed this myth in 1933, and forced the state of California to give him a license to marry his white wife.

Immediately the legislature of California passed a law specifically forbidding the marriage of whites and Filipinos.

There has been also great economic discrimination. Filipinos have not been allowed to practice law or medicine in California, or to belong to the majority of unions, or to have skilled industrial employment. They have not been allowed to buy real property so that they could own homes; they have been required to rent in slum districts.

This combination squeeze play has prevented many Filipinos from taking the trip necessary for marriage. So if they are able to win and keep the love of white girls who become their wives, in affection and faithfulness, till death do them part, they have to do so without benefit of clergy or county.

We were among these couples, Manuel and I. My husband is a person of high moral standards, of keenly logical mind, of charm and humor. Sadly for us, we have no children. If we had, we would have made the desperate sacrifice required to get to a state where we could be "married." But "marriage" as a ceremony becomes cynical double-talk and a farcical specimen of legal quibbling under our state régime.

Prostitution, of course, has had no such legal persecution. Organized vice has sent its armies cruising through regions where Filipinos, denied homes and marriage, have been herded together in labor camps. Venereal disease came hand in hand with this state sponsored prostitution.

Our church had nothing to say about all this. Corporal Manuel Buaken, my husband, is son of

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a Methodist minister. I am graduate of a Methodist University. The church had for us only ineffectual glares, or angry, or embarrassed stares. One ray of hope! We heard that some Catholic priests were performing Filipino-white marriages in California, that for Catholics they would "go to bat" with the license bureau. But we aren't Catholics, and anyway, we doubted the legal validity of such marriages.

War came. But first came November, 1941, when Filipinos were required to register as aliens, in spite of their years of unwavering loyalty to the US and its ideals, in spite of their status as "nationals" of a country under the jurisdiction of the US, in spite of all the golden promises that America took to the Philippines.

Within a few months, Selective Service took them in. This was the achievement of Bataan! In April, 1942, the First Filipino Infantry was activated. Later a second all-Filipino regiment was organized. These Filipino members of the United States Army were made citizens in mass ceremonies. It was a belated legal recognition of what had been true in fact—that they were and are loyal Americans.

★

Many Filipinos thought citizenship meant equality before the law. They were bitterly disappointed. They were still denied the right to marry, and their right to real property is still in doubt. The Army had their services, their lives to use, but the Army could not give them the service of family allowances or insurance for wives or children. California, Arizona, Utah, Nevada and Wyoming are the saboteur states of this region, refusing the right to marry.

Then Chaplain Eugene C. Noury became the regimental chaplain of the First Filipino Infantry. Its commanding officer is Colonel Robert H. Offley, a man born and raised in the Philippines, a man who feels himself truly a brother of the Filipinos. Finally there was Mr. E. W. Zueger, a Red Cross worker assigned to the First Filipino Infantry—a man to whom the Filipinos demonstrated their eager loyalty by establishing a national record for per capita contributions to the Red Cross, being leaders among all the soldiers of the US Army in this field.

Mr. Zueger began to receive calls for emergency aid to families of Filipino soldiers denied family allowances. At Colonel Offley's request, he made a survey to determine the number of such cases—of unlegalized though true marriages—and found them to be extremely numerous. He learned of the heavy burden of unnecessary worry, of cynicism and of despair of democracy and Christianity borne by these loyal American soldiers—these Filipinos of the United States Army.

So the Red Cross, under the sponsorship of the Army, began its effort to make it possible for Filipino soldiers to make the long trip to some other state—Washington, or New Mexico, to be "married" to their white wives. The Red Cross made loans for funds needed, and asked the Army for emergency furloughs for such Filipino soldiers. My husband and I were among these couples, and we are very grateful to those loyal Americans who made it possible for us.

However, Chaplain Noury, Catholic priest, sparkplugged the effort to get such racist laws done away with. Chaplain Noury informed Colonel Offley of the action of individual priests who performed marriages of Filipino-white couples in California—the priests themselves obtaining the licenses; and thus the Catholic Church was asserting its ancient rights in regard to marriage.

Colonel Offley gave individual sponsorship to the continuation of the procedure, while urging Chaplain Noury on in his campaign for Christian justice. Colonel Offley said, "My men are spirited, loyal soldiers of the United States Army. They are eager to do their part. They deserve peace of mind about the financial and social welfare of their loved ones, before they go overseas."

A summary of Chaplain Noury's effort is contained in the following, quoted from his "Open Letter to the Governor of California." After rehearsing the facts of the law, the deadlock between that unnatural law and the determination of Filipino youth to marry, and the fact that many thousands of Filipino soldiers, through no fault of their own, were unable to get family allowances or insurance for their families, Chaplain Noury said:

> I decided then to bring the whole matter to the War Department in Washington, D. C., for legal advice. Here is the answer of the Judge Advocate General regarding the marriage of Filipino soldiers and white girls. I quote:
>
> "It is our opinion that the marriage laws in effect at the time when the military reservation territory was ceded to the United States, are still effective unless specifically abrogated and that the territory (military reservation) over which the State has concurrent jurisdiction, is governed by the present state marriage laws. Furthermore, it is our opinion that the War Department is without power to grant Authority to Chaplains to convalidate previous common law unions at camp or to perform future marriages between Filipino soldiers and white girls—that such action will have to come through the legislation of the state."
>
> It is that answer of the Judge Advocate that has prompted us to come to you, Mr. Governor, and to ask you as a favor the abrogation of the marriage laws against the Filipinos.
>
> I'm sure that you will agree with us that in this time of war there should be no place for racial discrimination anywhere in the country. Furthermore, a law that is against the law of nature, against the law of God and contrary to the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, should by all means be repealed. "All men are created equal; they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness!"
>
> There is a lot of flag waving and talking these days about what we are doing and about what we are not doing

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for the soldiers. Our Filipinos are soldiers in the Army of the United States and they are giving their all for the common cause which is at stake. They take citizenship, becoming American citizens by the thousands. Why let them down, our brothers in arms, and our brothers as loyal citizens? Why continue to be race-conscious against those Filipinos?

Mr. Governor, anything that you could do in this matter would be greatly appreciated not only by us, by the Commanding Officer and by our Filipino soldiers, but by the War Department itself and by everybody who likes to see all our soldiers, irrespective of race, get a "fair break."

Very gratefully yours in Christ,
EUGENE C. NOURY, O.M.I.;
Regimental Chaplain,
First Filipino Infantry, U. S. A.

Chaplain Noury appeared before the State Legislature to plead for justice, he went repeatedly to the Governor, he got some flag waving and tongue-chewing democracy, but no action .

★

The last act of the drama took place in the spring of 1944, after Chaplain Noury had received the final word of the State Legislature and of the Governor of California that nothing constructive was going to be done by them.

Mr. Zueger and Chaplain Noury, acting in accordance with the wish of Colonel Offley, organized a hegira to New Mexico of all those Filipino-white couples "married" in California with the aid of Catholic priests.

It was first planned to charter a bus or two for the trip, but this plan had to be abandoned. However the Army, at the request of the Red Cross, provided emergency furloughs—cutting across all priorities of demand—to give them time enough for this trip, in a group, to be married in the last month before their embarkation overseas. The necessary funds were provided from Red Cross loans or from "company funds."

The hegira to New Mexico of all those couples truly married in their hearts and actions but denied legal recognition, with time off and money provided, was a real demonstration of Christianity in action.

On their return, family allowances and insurance were available to these wives of Filipino soldiers. The regiment went overseas in April, 1944, and is now in one spearhead in the liberation drive for the Philippines.

Yet, many thousands of Filipinos of the United States, loyal Americans though still deprived of citizenship, are denied the right to marry in the Pacific Coast area, are still told to patronize prostitution for the benefit of vice and disease, are still living under the régime of double-talk Christianity and racist exploitation.

As the Catholic priest said to the Governor of California, "Why is a law that is against the law of nature, against the law of God and contrary to the spirit of the Constitution," allowed to rule Pacific Coast Christians?

A Digest of Marriage Laws with Special Reference to American-Filipino Intermarriage in the Western States

1. The marriage law of California prohibits intermarriage between Mongolians and white girls.

2. The State Supreme Court of California, in the case of Roldan *vs.* Los Angeles County, decided that Filipinos are not Mongolians. The Court said: "A Filipino who is an Ilocano born in the Philippine Islands of Filipino progenitors in whose blood was commingled a strain of Spanish, is not a Mongolian within the terms of the Civil Code, Par. 69, as it formerly read, which prohibited the issuance of a marriage license authorizing the marriage of a White person with a Mongolian. A County clerk could not refuse to issue a marriage license to authorize the marriage of a White person to such a Filipino." (ROLDAN v. LOS ANGELES COUNTY, 129 Cal. App. 267,18 Pac. [2nd.] 706.)

3. It should be noted, in connection with the Roldan case, that the issue whether Filipinos are Mongolians or not and, hence, within the purview of the law, has not been definitely settled because of the Spanish ancestry of the plaintiff Roldan. It would seem that the Court might have held otherwise were the party seeking relief from the authorities a pure blooded Filipino.

4. At any rate, the State Assembly amended the law in 1933 by including Malays among those who can not contract marriage with white women. That the amendment was intended for the Filipinos was beyond doubt. From then on, no Filipino could marry a white girl in California because he was denied a marriage license. There was no case, however, to test the validity of the amended law.

5. To evade the law, the Filipinos would cross the border into Tia Juana, Mexico.

6. But the Mexican marriages were declared invalid by the California courts, and neighboring states likewise enacted anti-Filipino marriage laws, by adopting similar provision to that contained in the California statutes.

7. At present, the only places where a Filipino can get married on the Pacific Coast are in the states of Washington and, probably, Oregon.

8. Filipinos with ample means and time at their disposal could marry legally. It would mean traveling almost a thousand miles and spending from four to five days. But the great majority have been forced, by circumstances beyond their control, just to live together as husband and wife, without benefit of clergy.

9. Common law marriages were abolished in California in 1895. But even if such unions were recognized in that State as in other states of the Union, Filipinos would still be considered beyond the benefits accorded by the law to such wedlock. The law is all-embracing. It reads as follows: "All marriages of white persons with Negroes, members of the Malay race, or Mulattoes are illegal and void."

Marriage Laws in Other Western States Including Alaska and Hawaii

ARIZONA: Marriage prohibited between white girls and Africans, Indians, Hindus, Malays, and Mongolians, or their descendants. Common law marriage is not recognized. (63-111 Arizona Codes Annotated, 1939.)

NEVADA: Marriage prohibited between white women and Ethiopians, Malays and Mongolians. Common law marriage is valid. (Nevada Compiled Laws of 1939.)

OREGON: Marriage prohibited between white persons and Negroes ¼ Negro blood or more, or Mongolian blood. The marriage is void but the children are legitimate.

UTAH: Marriage prohibited between white persons and Negroes, Malays or Mongolians. Common law marriages are not valid. (Title 40, cl. Revised Statutes of Utah, 1939.)

NORTH DAKOTA: No prohibition in general. Common law marriages not recognized.

WASHINGTON: There is no prohibition in general. Common law marriages not valid.

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WYOMING: Marriage prohibited between white persons and Negroes, Mulattoes, Mongolians, Malays. (Wyoming Revised Statutes of 1931. 68-1118.)

NEW MEXICO. No marriage restrictions as to race. (New Mexico Statutes Annotated of 1929.)

NEBRASKA: Marriage prohibited between white persons and 1/8 Negro blood or more, Japanese and Chinese. No common law marriage.

ALASKA: No ban against intermarriage of any kind. Common law marriages are valid. (Compiled Laws of Alaska 1939.)

HAWAII: No ban against intermarriage in general. Common law unions not recognized. (Revised Laws of Hawaii of 1935.)

ILLINOIS AND INDIANA: Intermarriage recognized in general. There is no common law in the former.

EDITORS' NOTE: *Canon Law states positively: "Omnes possunt matrimonium contrahere, qui iure non prohibentur." All can enter into matrimony who are not prevented by law—meaning, of course the Canon Law. In this code, binding upon all Catholics, there are listed major and minor "impediments"; there is a chapter "De impedimentis impedimentibus" and one "De impedimentis dirimentibus," but nowhere is there any hint that the color of one's skin or the place of one's birth or the slant of one's eyes has anything to do with the case. Hence such prohibitory legislation as is listed above is in direct* conflict *with Canon Law, and in the last resort, if a solution analogous to that which Mrs. Buaken describes is impossible, a priest is in conscience obliged to fulfill his function as official and principal witness of such a marriage—in other words, he must "perform" the marriage.*

About English in Our Liturgy

What its advocates ask for and why

H. A. Reinhold

IN ONE of his stirring "Inner Forums" Father Leo Trese has recently mentioned my name in connection with the current controversy on the place of vernacular tongues in the liturgy of the Church. Since Father Trese mentioned my name only, and since his reference to this issue could not be but short, I feel that it is about time to acquaint the readers of this magazine with an issue, new to this country but which has been a vivid one in Europe for over a decade. In England it was apparently Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., who initiated the controversy before the war and who found the courage to do so after Pope Pius XI had said to a group of pilgrims that he had no objections to a discussion of this problem, if pursued in a spirit of reverence, obedience and faith. German and Austrian Catholics had been debating the matter long before. This much to state how it came about.

Obviously this is a red hot issue. The very fact that it is so seldom discussed in public shows its delicacy. Too many imponderables are involved to let anybody rush in lightly where angels fear to tread. Let me therefore first say what is not advocated at all.

As the late Dom Virgil Michel (who seems to have been the first one in this country to raise the question in the name of a better participation in our liturgy) made clear: the issue, in our view, is not a wholesale translation of the liturgy into modern colloquial English. I do not think that such a course was ever advocated here or in England. We have always been careful not to say: the liturgy in vernacular, but to say: vernacular in the liturgy. When we say this, we never advocate a "new liturgy" either. I, for my part, am horrified at such a prospect, when I look at the "liturgical" productions of the last hundred years, in and out of the Missal. They have about as much resemblance to the genuine thing as a neo-Gothic parish church to Chartres. And if I think of our "production" in novenas and prayer books, I am quite certain that anything beyond a good translation would be murder. What is in question is only a good, the best possible, translation of those parts of the liturgy that we think ought to be translated.

Which are the parts we think ought to be translated? Why translate them again when we have already a score of passable translations?

To answer the second question first: because none of the existing translations is sufficient. Because none of them was made, corrected and authorized by the only institution which can do it in a way that everybody will accept it: the Church herself, in this particular case the hierarchies of the English-speaking world. The English must be the best available and on the level of a T. S. Eliot or W. H. Auden. Its savor must be akin to Winston Churchill's power of formulation and must have, on a religious plane, the earthiness and force which he shows in his political language. It must be done by men sufficiently scholars of Scripture, liturgics and history to be able to take a word like "mystery" which has a definite liturgical meaning and render it so as to bring out this meaning in a way every man can grasp. This is neither a field for well-meaning little stylists, second-rate poets and would-be mystics, nor for the scribes whose world consists in jots and tittles

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over which they stumble in awkward contortions. No translation is better than the wrong one. We will have to wait—even if, in my opinion, it is five minutes before closing time.

The parts that I think should be translated are those that concern the people. In other words, I would not touch a single Latin line which is meant for silent recitation by the priest as long as the rubrics require such silent recitation. Since the people cannot hear it anyway, why stir up endless controversy about the correct translation of texts that are extremely hard to render in English and that involve all sorts of dogmatic and historical issues over which professors have fought inconclusive wars for centuries? Besides, if Latin is in a way a symbolic bond of unity for the Western part of our Church, this is a part where it does not interfere with popular participation. It also will satisfy, at least partly, those who claim that the "mystery character" of the liturgy is best preserved by the use of a solemn, dead, obsolete and "sacred" language. The Canon of the Mass is what makes the Mass a "mystery" in the world's dogmatic and liturgical sense. Therefore, while I do not admit that their reasoning is right at all, why not spare their feelings by leaving at least this part in the venerable, universal tongue of ecclesiastical officialdom? It will not rob the people of anything anyway as long as the Canon remains secret.

This leaves us with an English rendering of all the parts the people hear, or sing themselves once they have wrested their rightful property out of the hands of choirs and professional singers who have taken over their part. I want the Gospel, the Epistle, the Collect and Post-Communion, the processional anthems (Introit, Offertory and Communion—all plus their psalms), the Our Father, the Preface, the Gloria, Kyrie, Sanctus and Agnus Dei, and, above all, the Responses in English. I would be willing to make another concession at the Nicene Creed, as its content, once translated, is easy to remember and to sing it in Latin satisfies our friends who claim that Latin is the symbol of unity. Above all: it is an official formula, not a hymn or prayer like the rest, in spite of the fact that many a choir performs it like an oratorio. Its flavor is juridical, in the word's best sense, and its delight comes to him who rejoices in lucid and crystalline dogmatic formulations as others revel in lyrics. Such people are few and far between. However, I would be able to see many good reasons to translate it too.

No doubt, many difficulties arise. But these difficulties do not arise from the rendering in English. They are already there and only invisible now because the whole thing is a clouded issue to the people. Take our present Introit: the choir sings one psalm while the priest and his closer assistants recite another one at the foot of the altar and then, when the choir is already busy with the Kyrie, the priest proceeds to read again by himself what the choir has just finished. The translation will bring this situation out into the open, and it will have to be decided if these sacerdotal prayers are part of the private preparation of the priest or are not, and whether the Introit is still a processional or just a relic of by-gone times dutifully performed because a rigid tradition prescribes it. All this will come to life when translated and taken out of the esoteric atmosphere in which the people now hold it.

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By now it ought to be clear why we advocate vernacular parts in the liturgy. We are concerned with the people, the people of the twentieth century, the people here in America. We see the starvation diet of their spirituality shrinking further as time goes on, while radio, press and movie expose them continuously to the impact of sensation, thrill and emotional upheaval. Our religious life is well on the way to deteriorate into a set of devices and patent remedies for ills. The derivatives prevail and substitutes have the field. Even our enthusiastic piety has shrunk to a few oblique aspects. Clichés have completely conquered our religious way of expression, and the evangelical content of Catholicism, not to mention the almost forgotten Old Testament, is nearly an unknown territory to our people. There is a crying need for the celebrated and solemnized broadcasting of the Word as only the liturgy does it. It cannot be achieved any longer by Latin, in my opinion, and a congregation in which only the more intellectual part have one eye on the altar, and the other one on a translation, certainly ought to be bettered.

It is quite natural that the advocacy of such a change, which affects neither faith, nor morals nor even discipline, comes like a rather bold endeavor in an age which values monolithic uniformity above the bygone custom of speaking your mind and playing the rôle of the self-appointed prophet. There is a great deal to be said against these efforts, their timeliness, their feasibility and their eventual hopes to achieve anything but a futile and angry controversy. We cannot possibly vent all the aspects in one stride. We must make a few sketchy generalizations.

From where will opposition come? I am not discussing the possibility of seeing the whole discussion cut short by an order of the competent authorities. If that happens a Catholic has only one answer—obedience. Some who oppose our efforts have already more or less loudly and distinctly clamored for the police. Let us try to distinguish between the different opponents. The result of this distinction may be that, regretting any hurt feelings, we still have to go on doing this job.

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The first to cry out against the vernacular in the liturgy are those who show little interest in the liturgy itself. They do not feel that it has much to offer besides its products: the sacraments. For them, who are mostly legal-minded people with a penchant for a subtle kind of supernatural pragmatism, the liturgy is a venerable set of formulas, best left alone, which through positive law is required to achieve certain effects. In their view the old adage that "sacraments are to serve man" means exclusively that they are to be used—*salva reverentia*—as the doctor uses medicine. Why bother the people with formulas and recipes—all they want is the pill! Of course their approach is entirely moralistic, and they do not see anything but esthetic and antiquarian quixotism in the liturgical movement. Of course they refuse to study the liturgy beyond the rubrics and beyond what is necessary to pass the dogma examination. To win them over to our view is a psychological question, not a logical one. With them it is an attitude which needs a basic change. I am sorry to say that I fear they represent the majority, due to their training and their text books. If they welcome a translation, after they find out that it is safe to say such a thing, they will welcome it for other than liturgical reasons; because it is easier, because they do not like Latin anyway, and because it seems the thing to do.

The real opposition, however, comes from other sources.

There are those who feel that such a thing has very unsavory connotations—Cranmer, Luther, eighteenth century rationalism and weak-kneed concessions to and aping of Protestantism. It is the curse of these precedents which makes it all so tough for us. While it is an historic fact that these dissenters and rebels introduced their vernacular forms of worship as a consequence of their apostasy and that there seems to be no case of the opposite procedure, these opponents refuse to look at it that way and prefer to see in the desire for vernacular the symptoms of rebellion and heterodoxy. This is no surprise in a generation in which there are still many whose Catholic education seems to have preponderantly consisted in anti-Protestantism. You can't live fenced in a sort of Ghetto without acquiring an aggressive apologetic and negative attitude. A siege, especially after a retreat, will give you an inferiority mindedness that looks for pitfalls at every stage. That can't be argued away; it must be outgrown.

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We can point to another line of precedents whose most noble representatives are SS. Cyril and Methodius. When they translated the liturgy into Slavonic, they, too, were reported to Rome, but acquitted and encouraged by the Holy See. Or we can point out that Rome herself changed from the original Greek to Latin at a time when Latin was still the "vernacular" in Rome. That no Celtic or Teutonic SS. Cyrils and Methodiuses arose to do the North the favor which the East was receiving two hundred years later has cultural and political causes, and to investigate them would be beyond the scope of this short survey of the question. Had it not been for the rebellion of the sixteenth century and the bad odor into which such attempts were brought forever after, we might have had our vernacular long ago. Rome granted the Croats a Roman liturgy in Slavonic. The Czechs have several Masses in Church Slavonic. The Rumanians use modern, up-to-date vernacular in their (Eastern) liturgy. The Romance nations are closer to their Latin liturgy. Only the Celtic, Teutonic and West Slavic nations—besides the missions—assist at the instructions, hymns and prayers without being able to make them the language of their heart and mind as well as of their ears and tongues.

A further serious objection comes from the liturgists themselves. There are a host of reasons which they allege to be important enough to stop any such innovation.

There are the ones who think that Latin is more majestic, sonorous and beautiful than English. If that be true, why not find an even more majestic, sonorous language—e.g., Greek! Greek is richer, more flexible, and it is the original language of our New Testament.

There is the old story that Latin is the language of the Church. So is Greek, Coptic, Slavonic. While it is a practical language and venerable through age and tradition—which others are too—it does not surpass Hebrew, e.g., in religious vocabulary! It is good for Canon Law, for Thomistic Theology, for concise collects and prefaces, more majestic hymns like "Vexilla Regis"—but what is this all to our people? Only a few of us take scores along to a concert or opera—why do we expect the people to carry textbooks to Mass? They are there to pray, to sing, to listen and to sacrifice. It should be made as simple as that. Even a rosary at Mass is a detour.

The internationalists are not yet through. They tell us that it is one of the consoling things that they can go to church in China, or Brazil, or Italy, and know that the priest says the same words and uses the same book as in Brooklyn, or Los Angeles. Fine, but in the first place that excludes all our Catholic brethren of the Eastern Rites whom we say we want to come back into the fold, and it does no justice to the Dominicans, the Catholics in Lyons and Milan and some others. It is a meager consolation for somebody who understands but his native tongue to know that the priest at the altar uses the same unknown tongue in a different clime and with a different twang. It is not the language that makes us feel

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at home, if we don't know it, but the fact that the same mysteries are celebrated. We should not confuse uniformity with union. Enough local customs in Latin countries wipe out the impression of familiarity created by the familiar but unintelligible sound of Latin. What was true for the educated men of the Middle Ages is not true for our generation. If I move to Portugal or India, as an American, I shall probably not study Latin but the local vernacular. As soon as I can ask my way around and read the paper, I will then also be able to follow the vernacular at the local church.

A great deal has been made of the word mystery. Leading minds of the liturgical movement have claimed that the sacred mysteries ought not to be brought out into the market places of the world at one level with radio and movie and revival services. They have pointed to the difference between church and other architecture. Even vestments have been an instance against the vernacular in the sanctuary. This seems to me a whole forest of fallacies. Mystery and mysteriousness are not the same thing for one. The announcement of the Epistle and Gospel is for the people—unless all our rites are just a subtle camouflage of the real purpose. That requires that the people know what I announce. Mysteriousness, where it belongs—during the Canon. The vesting of the priest in sacerdotal garments lifts him out of the purely human sphere and submerges his individuality in something superpersonal—but it is no disguise, it does not make him "mysterious." Besides, words are signs of a different kind, conveying notions if anything. Only men like Talleyrand thought that words were means to hide thought. Thus to claim that the mysteriousness of the mystery needs an unknown tongue is about the weakest argument!

The same may be said about architecture and art. The people who built Romanesque churches built also Romanesque warehouses and dwellings —not Egyptian pyramids or Attic temples. There may be scores of arguments against the vernacular in the sanctuary—but this is a poor one. If modern cities and buildings are soulless, then churches have synthetic souls as well, if they are built in a dead and bygone style.

One of the worst reasons, which comes usually from rather esoteric circles, is the reference to our culture and its preservation. European intellectuals visualize with horror an America in which even their last vestige of Hellenic antiquity will be gone. And they see in the future American Church something sunk to the level of sect, something plebeian to a terrible degree, something devoid of all those Latin graces which survive the onslaught of modern totalitarian, egalitarian commercialism and sloppy emotionalism only in the Roman Church. I might add: and in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, et alia. It is a good parallel—on second thought a very good one. Just as we find good religious art in museums and see our churches full of cheap substitutes, so we have a magnificent Latin liturgy in that little museum called the Roman Missal, while our people have to hobble along their spiritual path on the crutches of cheap devotional substitutes. In certain esoteric German, French and English circles this was the uppermost concern of liturgical minds—and, strange to say, they all collaborated with Christianity's worst enemy as long as he talked about preserving Western civilization. It is not the task of Christ's mysteries to embalm or preserve Hellenic or Roman or any civilization, but to pour out grace and to bring about the realization of the Mystical Body of the Lord. If this can be achieved better by cutting out an unnecessary detour, let us advocate it.

This has nothing to do with personal preferences. With Father Martindale I say that it will be a sad day for me when I cannot hear my voice at the altar recite the beautiful and familiar Latin. I fear and tremble when I think of all the possibilities of a hasty, incompetent translation. I know that immeasurable values and worlds of connotations will be lost even in a masterly translation. But who shares my grief? Not one percent of my people. Of course, they never ask for translation. As a matter of fact, they may be opposed to it, what with the education they have had, the ignorance in which they live as to the beauty of it all, and the aversion to any change in what seems to them unchanged since Christ's day. I realize all this. I realize also that hardly anyone in authority can shoulder the responsibility by himself of inaugurating such a change. It will take years of unofficial discussion—if it will not be stopped altogether—years of careful research, great care and caution in the choice of translators and translations, in the preparation of the people. It will lie in desks and chanceries for a long time. It may be too difficult to perform altogether. But before we give up hope—shall we dismiss it without even examining its merits? I do not think so.

We have only skimmed the surface and looked at a few issues involved. I hope it was sufficient to show that it is not for novelty's sake that this question is raised. The specter of the *Religio Depopulata* (Church without a people) is still before us—even if we are the only nation in the world where this specter is as yet rather dim. Ecclesiastical wheels may run smoothly for years after the power has been turned off. Brilliant facades may cover up empty palaces. The noise of loud devotions may conceal the emptiness of souls. Organizations are not organisms. To prevent this from becoming the reality, a certain periodical contraction toward vital essentials is needed. This could be assisted by an immediate living of God's people in His Son's holy mysteries.

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A Note on Adam Mickiewicz

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

SOME WEEKS AGO the editors of THE COMMONWEAL sent me the monumental edition of the poems, and of some of the chief prose works, of Adam Mickiewicz, Poland's national bard and prophet, published by the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences in America, and edited by George Rapall Noyes, professor of Slavic languages in the University of California, as translated into English by various hands, under Professor Noyes's expert guidance. I was requested to review the book; or deal with it otherwise, as a subject for a column of commentary, or an article on some special aspect of its author's genius; so I briefly reviewed it in THE COMMONWEAL for February 9. Since then, however, the Crimean Conference has brought the tremendous problem of Poland into such prominence that I hope my editors will give me a little more space to deal with the aspects of Mickiewicz and his work which I could only glance at in my review, for the reason that we Americans are now bound up with the future fate of Poland, and, indeed, of all the nations of the world, because of the Crimean Conference, and may be helped to deal with our responsibilities by an acquaintance with this poet's ideas.

I might add that perhaps we shall be helped more by knowledge of this poet's ideas than we are by knowledge of the amount of oil there may or may not be in the wells which Poland says belong to Poland and which Soviet Russia, Great Britain and the United States concurring, now say shall belong to Soviet Russia. This war is very intimately concerned with oil wells, and other forms of material wealth and power, and with questions of what kind of social system such material wealth should be utilized under—but this war, and the peace which may or may not follow it, are also deeply concerned with spiritual things, such as the spirits of poetry, of prophecy, of religion, with which Adam Mickiewicz was chiefly concerned both in his life and in his work, in a fashion that places his name and fame in the same high place as that occupied by such world-shaping writers as Dante and Homer and Shakespeare.

The numerous statues of Mickiewicz that stood in the Poland that ceased to exist, as a free nation, when the armies of Hitler and of Stalin rolled from east and west across the Polish people and their land, and which were melted down to make weapons to kill Poles with by their conquerors, invariably showed the poet of Polish resurrection as a young man—so we are told by Dr. Noyes, in his learned and most illuminating biographical essay which is part of the book about which I am writing, and which I heartily hope many of my readers will obtain and study. It was as a young man that Mickiewicz wrote practically all the great mass of poetry and impassioned, prophetic prose psalms and rhapsodies (as, for example, "The Books of the Polish Pilgrims," and "The Books of the Polish Nation: From the Beginning of the World to the Martyrdom of the Polish Nation") that were, as Dr. Noyes says, "loved not merely by artists and scholars but by the whole Polish people; he had given faith, hope and love to the Poles in their years of oppression [under Russia, Prussia and Austria] . . . he had striven [also] to be a political leader and failed . . . [but] Mickiewicz in his later years should be judged by his ideals, not by his failure to bring them to fruition through the transformation of Europe, or even perfectly to order his own conduct by them. Those ideals were a regenerate and spiritual inner life, the rebuilding of Poland on a basis of Christian faith and Christian ethics, the brotherhood of peoples and of nations, the political and economic equality of all men."

When his body came back to its native soil from death in exile (he died in Constantinople in 1855 while working with his Jewish secretary to form a Jewish legion to fight against Russia by the side of a legion of Catholic Poles for the liberation of Poland and Jewry alike), it was entombed among the dead kings of Poland in the cathedral in Cracow that is (or was: if it still exists, I know not) the national shrine of the Polish people. By his genius, because that genius took the dynamic form it manifested both in life and since the death of the body that once was its instrument, which, briefly, was the intense stimulation of the ideas both of national *vocation,* and of universal human brotherhood under the fatherhood of God, Mickiewicz had gained, says his biographer, and the judgment seems eminently just, the right to exclaim "as does his hero Conrad in the great Improvisation—'I and my country are one!'"

At a time when Poland was still nothing more than a disembodied memory in the world of political and national action, still dismembered and tyrannically ruled over by the Unholy Trinity, in Mickiewicz's wrathful poetry, Russian Tsar, Emperor of Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria, I met a Polish pilgrim to America (and the world at large) in Boston through the kindly offices of William James, whose guest he was: Wincenty Lutoslawski, who was lecturing before the Lowell Institute on Poland's messianic prophets, chief among whom, so far as influence is concerned, stands Adam Mickiewicz. Only the other day, some forty years after my chance meeting with Lutoslawski, I met another Polish pilgrim, in

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New York, engaged in the same work of spreading the message of Poland, and I spoke to him of Lutoslawski. He told me that it was from Lutoslawski that he, as a very young man, with other members of Poland's youthful *intelligentsia*, meeting in secret at lectures given at the ghastly hour of five in the morning in order to dodge the observation of the Tsar's police, had himself learned the message of Mickiewicz. Such incidents are worth relating, slight as they are in themselves, because they illustrate concretely how the dreams of a poet can indeed, as Arthur O'Shaughnessy sang, become the means whereby poets prove to be the "makers and shapers" of the world.

Communications

NEWMAN

Hollywood, California.

TO the Editors: Some curious overtones in Cuthbert Wright's review of Father Benard's "A Preface to Newman's Theology" do scant justice to Newman, or to this excellent study of his theology.

First, Mr. Wright inquires whether he may "quote with propriety from a rather flippant Roman Catholic writer, Shane Leslie," in order, of course, to get in Leslie's absurd suggestion that Newman might have been "an ecclesiastical Mrs. Gummidge, a poor forlorn creature complaining to all and sundry (in exquisite prose) that everything went contrary with him, and he with everybody."

Here we have the occultatio method in the best tradition of Cicero, for Mr. Wright well knows the answer to his question about the propriety of this quotation. The answer is naturally no. It is not appropriate. Nor is it fair literary criticism to slip in indirectly on a question what you cannot sustain directly on the evidence. If people still won't accept Strachey on Manning there's no reason to open the doors to Leslie on Newman, at least not on so irresponsible a quotation.

Nearly everyone who knows the field will agree with Mr. Wright that the real Newman is much more exciting than the stained glass versions and in fact "a being so much more vital, more passionately interesting than his luminous effigy." They might even go along with Mr. Wright, up to a point, when he says Newman "could be dangerous." Yes, Newman could be a dangerous and a resourceful opponent in an argument, but Mr. Wright fails to qualify the adjective, although he does state it largely with reference to the powerful exchange with Kingsley. Yet "dangerous" is a very technical and a very special word when you are dealing with a theologian —and it is as a theologian that Father Benard's book seeks to locate the dominant Newman.

Yes, Newman must have looked upon Kingsley as heaven-sent, when the great controversy began. Certainly, he had no intention of letting Kingsley off the hook at any point of the argument, for he had long been waiting for an opening like this. But Mr. Wright lowers his sights in strange fashion when he writes "a superb polemical journalist was lost when Newman devoted himself to theology." Nothing was lost and everything was gained, for Newman's theologic sense colored everything he did, in poetry, in philosophy, even in psychology.

Yet Mr. Wright seems determined, as have many commentators before him, to classify Newman as a poet in theology and to dismiss him accordingly, save for his effect, in succeeding generations, on the English Church.

And again, with a curious choice of words, Mr. Wright calls to witness, in support of the "dangerous" charge, "the austere masculine ghost of Cardinal Manning." Why the particular emphasis on the word "masculine" at this point? Especially in a review that was keynoted with the feminine metaphor from Shane Leslie?

With a judicious—or injudicious selection—it would be just as simple to assemble an article which would show that Newman's was the forthright masculine mind and Manning's was the feminine, especially when it came to starting an argument and resolving one. But what would that prove? Both were great, both were complex figures. And it is Mr. Wright, rather than Cardinal Newman, who is open here to the charge of subtle word picking. For Mr. Wright never comes right out and says what he means. He merely hints, he merely suggests, and then has the poor grace to imply in the last sentence that perhaps the Cardinal's feeling for precision in words gives one a reason "to discern dimly the reason for Kingley's attack."

Poor Father Benard! What of his book in all this skirmishing on a false horizon? Mr. Wright agrees that Father Benard has done a great service here "to rescue Newman from the theological privateering and freebooting of modernists like Loisy and the late Father Tyrell." But is that all that Father Benard has done? It seems to me that Father Benard carries off two difficult assignments in superb fashion. First, he teaches us how to "read" a great man's life and the works which punctuate that life. A lesson as valuable as Adler's in how to read a book. Second, he teaches us how to place Newman as a theologian: not as a man in a specific school, or with a specific set of theses, but as one of the great minds whose theology covered, and filtered through, all of his best work.

Congratulations to Father Benard on a much needed study. By all means, let's take Newman out of the stained glass windows. But if Mr. Wright wants to catch both Newman and Manning in a true perspective, Bishop Ullathorne is a more authoritative guide than Shane Leslie. Especially the second volume on the life of Ullathorne by Abbot Butler.

EMMET LAVERY.

TOSSING IT BACK

San Francisco, Calif.

TO the Editor: May I, another mere subscriber, take issue with the "Reverend" who so dislikes the "anaemic brand of Catholicity" served by THE COMMONWEAL?

I write to you because I am a little frightened by the Reverend William Boyd and his adjective-slinging ilk.

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Frightened because such people rule the Catholic expression of this country to an alarming degree. To those of us who are troubled by half-truths, troubled by truth smothered in pink and blue wrappings; truth lost in the "staunch, vigorous, ringing, defiant, sturdy, doughty, manly, forthright" expletives of the unthinking; to those of us who feel bound in conscience to take a responsible, Catholic attitude toward the world we live in as well as to the World we hope to attain, THE COMMONWEAL, as presently edited, is our one source of objective reporting and discussion on the issues affecting all of us—our source of whole-truth.

For your rare service I wish to thank you.

IVERNE GARDNER.

The Screen

Picture of Culture and Corruption

IN attempting to film *"The Picture of Dorian Gray,"* M-G-M set for itself a difficult task. On the whole, the problems have been well handled, but the finished movie, as sincere and as beautiful as is its production, cannot escape the fact that Oscar Wilde's moral fantasy is not adaptable to cinema. Because the camera is able to go everywhere and see everything, one of the foremost rules of cinematic art is that a film must show us what is happening; it is not enough for the film just to talk about what is going on. Movies can show us what is happening through a visualization of the event itself or by allowing the actors to reveal through their faces and gestures what they see or undergo. In this picture there is a great deal of talk about Dorian's sinning and about his vicious life as he trips down the primrose path. Naturally the film cannot exhibit his immoral acts. But unfortunately, one of the major demands of Wilde's story is that Dorian's face never change. So from beginning to end, Hurd Hatfield's immobile, almost mask-like face portrays Dorian without alteration. We hear much about the evil Dorian does. We even see some of the people Dorian has ruined, as he shamelessly ruins practically everyone who strikes his fancy—but we witness only a few of his crimes. We are however shown the portrait on a few occasions: at the time it is painted; shortly thereafter when it registers the first changes in Dorian's character through his being responsible for the suicide of the music hall singer; then much later, on the eve of his thirty-eighth birthday in the film's most effective scene when the debauched Dorian shows it to the artist who painted it. It would have been physically impossible for the film to show us the portrait as often as Wilde describes it.

Albert Lewin, who directed the film and wrote its intelligent script, did everything he could to keep the movie from becoming static. Although the characters talk a great deal and toss clever Wilde epigrams around with gay abandon, the camera itself moves and helps in telling the story and creating the mood. The photography, under the direction of Harry Stradling, is exceptionally good, and the sets, especially those depicting London's Mayfair of the eighties and nineties, assist in creating an

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atmosphere of decayed culture. Lewin stayed surprisingly close to the Wilde story; he has added a few characters to enlarge the scope of possibilities to be duped by Dorian; he has changed a few details including Dorian's first victim (from a Shakespearean actress to a singer in a cheap café), and he has allowed a narrator to tell part of the tale and make knowing comments that could not come from the actors in the drama. While Lewin has avoided Wilde's florid prose style, he has retained many of the book's best *bons mots*. And to Lord Henry falls the dubious pleasure of uttering most of these lines which passed as wise cracks in the gay nineties and which still have their bite as snappy repartee.

The film is fortunate in having George Sanders portray Lord Henry, the sybarite who diverted himself by influencing the lives of others and whose subtly poisonous theories had much to do with Dorian's downfall. While Sanders's fine performance succeeds in projecting a character that is meant to be either the incarnation of evil or the most insincere of sophisticates, it also succeeds, without giving a lecture on the subject, in drawing a stamp of disapproval from audiences. Hurd Hatfield has managed the difficult rôle of Dorian well. It is almost impossible to comment on his acting; no doubt he will have another opportunity to show what he can do with an assignment that allows him to use his face as a face instead of an emotionless mask. Also noteworthy in the cast are Angela Lansbury, as the naïve singer who succumbs to Dorian's youthful charms, and Richard Fraser as the artist who painted the portrait which changes with every act of its subject—a device that is greatly responsible for Dorian's destruction.

Needless to say the portrait itself is almost as important as the actors. Henrique Medina did the paintings of Dorian as a young man, and Ivan Le Lorraine Albright painted the repulsive portrait that shows us what Dorian really should have looked like after years of sensual living. If you are not familiar with Albright's style and attention to detail, you will probably get quite a shock when you see this visualization of the horrible thing that the portrait had become—especially since the film's producer, Pandro Berman, saw fit to do this one shot in technicolor.

I doubt if anyone's morals will be impaired by this movie. It is nothing for youngsters of course; but the flaws in Lord Henry's arguments are pretty obvious. Even the cynical Dorian quakes with fear after many years of drinking deeply at all wells of experience. Even the debased Dorian, who at thirty-eight still looks like a handsome boy of twenty, comes to wonder what does it profit a man. The film's moral, like the book's, is quite evident. Anyway, in these days, very few artists are painting portraits that will bear the burden of one's shame.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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When We're Green

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

YEARS before I came to know at firsthand such highlights of living in a big unfriendly metropolis as the unyielding pavements, all the rush and clatter and the soot which persists in seeping in through closed windows in large black lumps, I used to wonder about the healthful life on the farm. With all the fresh air and exercise there could be no comparison. It was, therefore, disillusioning to hear from my elders that in America "Farm families live on baking powder biscuits and their teeth all drop out."

There must be something in the story, for the first home demonstration Jane Simpson McKimmon undertook in North Carolina* was the making of wholesome "pocketbook" rolls. One of the first things she got across was the importance of making good biscuits and light, digestible yeast bread. (All this is very hard to grasp clearly in a big city with bakeshops on every other corner and even here and there a Co-op food store featuring genuine all-wheat bread.) Farm women and their daughters took to her idea right away, but some of the men proved surprisingly intractable. They were too used to the soggy, indigestible breads they had always had. Of course they soon came round.

To make life on the farm truly the good life, health is only one of the absolute essentials. Others would certainly include an attractive home, well-fashioned clothing, active social life, useful modern conveniences of every sort, a varied wholesome diet, outlets for creative energies, economic security, and enough cash for things which can-

*When We're Green We Grow. Jane Simpson McKimmon. Chapel Hill. $4.00.

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not be conveniently produced on the homestead. It is just such things that Mrs. McKimmon and her assisstants have been teaching people to provide for themselves in North Carolina country districts for the past thirty years. That is one reason her colorful account of her manifold educational activities provides such a fine outline of the potentialities in modern rural life.

Good bread was the first step, but the home demonstrations were not long in branching out. Canning surplus fruits and vegetables came next—first for consumption at the home table during the winter months and then for the market. It was only two or three years before her charges became so proficient in "putting up" that their vegetables, fruits, pickles and preserves attained enough uniform excellence to win a steady market in stores, homes and larger institutions. This improved the diet and provided each family with from $10 to $50 per month in vital extra cash. It has been invaluable through two wars and the depression.

As things progressed—and they moved forward with startling rapidity—the women organized their own farm markets on Saturdays in the principal towns. Flowers, wild and cultivated, constituted an important part of their display and indeed provided a tidy source of revenue. Wholesome food from field and bake-oven and kitchen was readily disposed of week after week. Income was modest but steady for most participants, who sought in friendly fashion to outdo each other in making their wares attractive. A good part of the time these North Carolina women were explaining to each other various methods of doing things better. The social effects of these Saturday "curb markets" may be even more important than their economic achievements. City and farm families mingle in increasingly friendly intercourse, as men and women can do only in hospitable North Carolina. Farm wives draw closer to each other. Some 55 of these markets are now operating throughout the state to provide new social opportunities and extra funds for education, clothes and renovation of the home. They are a Godsend to local apartment dwellers.

In their wisdom the home demonstrators have come to place increasing emphasis on making things attractive. Learning how to make clothes from already available or cheaply purchased materials and then how to style and wear them was warmly welcomed. Landscaping the homestead grounds and beautifying the home within also came in due time. In the latter case increasing proficiency in weaving, pottery and cabinet-making and other handicrafts have played no minor part. There were even numerous demonstrations—including one mass demonstration—of good table manners by boys' and girls' farm organizations. Those who went abroad as delegates to world meetings of women's organizations displayed all the social graces.

Mrs. McKimmon's neighborly, warmly Christian outlook on life animates the pages of her book. She likes large families; she considers its millions of sturdy boys and girls "the farm's best gift to America." She does not talk explicitly of interracial justice but comprehensive work among the Negroes is an important part of her statewide program. She tells how joint meetings of Negro and white home demonstrators have heightened mutual understanding and respect. She manifests in its deepest sense all the charm of a leading, life-long citizen of Raleigh, the North Carolina capital.

The work of her department has now expanded to include such activities as mobile county libraries ("bookmobiles") for country families, short summer courses in home-making and husbandry at state colleges, stimulating the production of such specialty cash crops as walnuts, honey and herbs, the development of rural electric cooperatives which enable the farmer to eliminate much of the drudgery in his daily labor and many other things. Youth groups such as the incomparable 4-H clubs play a major rôle in her statewide rural program; great cooperation is obtained from many local churches. For those who will take advantage of the opportunities offered North Carolina offers a rich rural life. Mrs. McKimmon's technique has always been to demonstrate so that her clients see and hear how to accomplish things "close to." Then she and her aides give them a chance to perform the same operation for themselves immediately.

"When We're Green We Grow" is an imposing record of social accomplishment based on sound pedagogical techniques. It gives a convincing demonstration of what can be achieved by the American family on a family-size farm. Most of all it is the moving testimony of a noble spirit.

Editors' Choice

BANSHEE HARVEST. *Jim Phelan. Viking.* $2.50.
LOOKING FOR A BLUEBIRD. *Joseph Wechsberg. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.50.
TWO SOLITUDES. *Hugh MacLennan. Duell.* $3.00.

War Against the Landowners

IS a novel a highly effective means of protesting against injustice? It is certainly one way of reaching a wide circle of readers who would never touch a tract, read a serious magazine article or peruse to the finish a "letter to the editor." Appeals or diatribes are not always the easiest things to get published, anyway. If the author has anything of the narrator's gift—as Jim Phelan unquestionably manifests it in "Banshee Harvest,"—his novel may arouse considerable sympathy for his cause. When his story tends to confirm a generally held impression (in this case that the Irish peasantry have been despoiled of considerable means of livelihood), the effect is even stronger. It is only that when a man sets out frankly to write about a set of characters who are admittedly fictitious and sets them upon a terrain which he declares equally imaginary, the specific injury becomes lost to view. Even though Jim Phelan himself is a man who was long imprisoned for his patriotic beliefs.

"Banshee Harvest" is a violent story of murder, treachery and armed revolt. It is best in its early stages when its protagonist goes about trying to find out what the peasantry in that supposed district in the South of Ireland are like and why. He is a young English-educated police officer returning to his native countryside; his introduction is the attempted dispersal of a rebellious peasant meeting by one of the few "ranchers" or wealthy landowners against whom their animosity is directed. He

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threatens them with his gun. The young officer takes it away from him and as the two walk off he hears one of the small crowd saying, "we know, and nobody better, that lands without hands fill nobody's craw."

Most devastating in its picture of the effects of such a system upon the populace is the account of the wedding feast of Dominick and Maura. It is bad enough that the festivities inevitably develop into a brawl of the rudest sort, where the bride's father, after berating her husband's family in the most insulting terms is knocked unconscious and dragged off in a sledge. The dialogue in the chapter is coarsely frank in the extreme. It comes out that Maura, typically enough, had slaved for eighteen years for one of the ranchers in order to amass enough of a competence to "buy" a husband, Dominick, who himself had labored for hire a comparable period with even less to show for it. Maura begins her "honeymoon" by feeding their chickens and pouring a steaming mess for the pigs; she takes no part in the frenzied festivities but sits at one side sewing buttons on a shirt and mending stockings while the dancing and carousing and fighting goes on all round her. She is last seen weeping bitterly.

When the men take up arms—as they did in '22—and flee to the hills, the narrative becomes more complicated. What love story there is becomes very shadowy, the impression of social injustice grows dim, and attention focuses on the rebels' efforts to discover who is betraying their movements to the government. Yet even here the fact that the peasants would execute all four suspects to be sure that the traitor himself would be killed indicates the pitch of hatred and determination their spoilation has inspired in them. "Banshee Harvest" is no volume for the squeamish; it succeeds in conveying effectively how grinding poverty can bestialize and inflame a proud and virile people.

Fun in the Book

FOR A long time we never knew what the Great did when they were off-stage. Then Saint Simon spoke. Some years ago. And ever since there was nothing that the Great could do anywhere at any time but that we knew all about it. One soon no longer had to search into the secrets of the Great; they could hardly wait to grow old before telling all, themselves, in the continuous flood of indiscretion. It was that way also about the Poor; and now there is nothing we do not know even about the very poor; everyone has written about the poor, and the poor have learned to write about themselves. Exceedingly well. So that we know about the Great, the Poor and, of course, we know all about the Bovarys, the Babbits, the Common Man and ourselves. The danger is that soon we may know everything about everybody; then there will be no more exploring.

Not yet. The world is richer than its class divisions. There are still all sorts of professions which are difficult to classify. It is true, thanks to the delightful Mr. Bemelmans, that we know much that is valuable about the waiters in the grand hotels and particularly about what the waiters think of the guests. But now there is something new. We had never had anything about the musicians who play in the orchestra aboard the ships of the French Line; nothing about the members of the claque at the Vienna Staatsoper; very little about the croupiers at the gambling tables of the Casino Municipal at Nice; of what it was like to be private secretary to a member of the Czech Chamber of Deputies (with his speeches to write) we had no notion. Someone had to tell us stories about these diverse and unexplored professions. Someone who had worked at them; at all of them. Preferably someone who was a wonderful story teller, with a neat style. Mr. Joseph Wechsberg is the man; "Looking for a Blackbird," the book.

The only way to write about a very funny book is to write seriously about it. You cannot take the fun out of the book and make use of it; you can only guaranty that it is there, and leave it there where the author has placed it, so that people who pay money for the book can have what is in the book. You have no right to steal the fun and tell the stories and give them away for free. And so the fun is in Mr. Wechsberg's book and all that needs be said is that there is a certain melancholy surrounding it. Because all the people who are funny in the book are no longer being funny anywhere in the world outside the book. The French who are funny in the book have not been funny in France or anywhere else for years. There is no Czechoslovakia for anyone to be funny in, or dull. Perhaps there is still opera in Vienna, still a claque devoted to the singers. But the French Line ships no longer have orchestras nor vacationists to listen to them play. The fun in the book is like the pressed flower that one might find between the pages of some other book—which would be the memory of a love. It is all in the past.

If you cannot tell Mr. Wechsberg's stories it is all right to ask him if he knows the one about the Patriotic American. This bald headed little retired soap manufacturer used to arrange his entrances into the dining room of the Carlton at Cannes, the Negresco at Nice, the Beau Rivage at Ouchy, according to plan. He would slip in unobtrusively a first time and confer with the first violin of the orchestra; it was always a $10.00 bill—U. S. Then he would go out, and then he would make his real, his solemn entry to his table. The moment he sat down, the orchestra would cut short whatever sweet dinner-hour intermezzo it was playing, the leader would bow to the American, who would return the bow, the orchestra would play the—"Girl of the Golden West." The bit about being libero e lontano. Think of it, Mr. Wechsberg, the "Girl of the Golden West"—the American, libero e lontano. He did that on the boats too. Did he ever sail with you?

Canadians All

MR. MacLENNAN is to be congratulated on having written a good Canadian novel, that is, a good novel written by an English-speaking Canadian. There have been very few such produced, the Jalna books being about the best of the crop to date. Since Mr. MacLennan deals with a more serious problem than Miss de la Roche—a problem deeply rooted in history and still deeply troublesome—he has attempted a more serious and adult task, and he carries it off with considerable success. Unfortunately his greatest weakness is his tendency—all too understandable in a book of this sort—to have his characters symbols rather than people. He is trying to make us understand the compass of the antipathy between French and English, and he is trying to do so without partisanship. He sees the weakness of both sides. The disregard of the successful English for all values other than the values of wealth and power and their own peculiar set of standards. The bitterness of French nationalism and the stultification inherent in French con-

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servatism. He sees also the corresponding values—French respect for the human personality and English respect for progress and a better standard of living. Naturally he produces persons who utterly embody these traits, and persons who are torn between them. But he produces no people.

His story begins with the last war. The French *Seigneur* of an imaginary village near Montreal, Athanase Tallard, is losing his hold over his farmer constituents because, as a member of Parliament, he has supported the war. He has two sons, one by his first marriage to a French Canadian, a second by his later marriage to an Irish girl. The first is of draft age. Tallard likewise has made friends with a rising English magnate who wants to build a mill in Saint Marc. Finally Tallard has made it possible for an ancient Nova Scotia mariner to buy a farm in the parish. Here is a complex of all the ferments which have disturbed the even pattern of Quebec rural life. Marriage between a French and an English Canadian. The toleration of French land being sold away from the "race." The introduction of industry into a rural community—industry financed with English money and with a French front man. And support of the war on the part of a French politician.

Tallard arouses the bitterest opposition, especially from the parish priest of Saint Marc—and one can assure the reader that Mr. MacLennan's handling of the priest betrays no prejudice; there are many French Canadian priests of precisely this breed, however many others there may be both wiser and less intransigent—and ends by shaking the dust of his ancestral home from his feet and ostentatiously leaving the Church. Here Mr. MacLennan sins a little against verisimilitude. The Tallard type may cease practicing his religion; rarely does he become a Protestant. But be this as it may, Mr. MacLennan shows his real understanding of Tallard when he brings him back into the fold on his deathbed, after he has lost every cent of his fortune and has completed the wrecking of his material life.

All this first half of "Two Solitudes" is well thought out and soundly depicts a society in profound transition. Once Tallard is dead, however, the quality of the performance deteriorates. His half-Irish son now dominates the narrative, and we are presented with a long study of almost purely individual development. Where the canvas had been broad, it becomes narrow. It would have been far better had Mr. MacLennan gone on to tell us about Saint Marc, which he drops utterly the moment the Tallards move away, rather than about the evolution of Paul Tallard and his beloved Heather. For Saint Marc is the real drama, not the struggle of an aspiring young novelist who happens to come of a French father and an English mother. Novelists within a novel—that is dubious matter at best, and here Mr. MacLennan is far from being at his best. But his achievement is real, and for the first half of his story he deserves both readers and praise.

More Books of the Week

They Dream of Home. Niven Busch. Appleton-Century. $2.75.

EVER SINCE Ulysses, and no doubt even before, the returning warrior has provided material for literature. In the past few months of World War II, the

This Publishing Business

The Saving of Europe

It looks as if, in the present disorganization of Europe, conflicting nationalisms are being stressed to the point where the very notion of Europe itself has almost vanished: and this is the natural result of a couple of centuries in which history has been written from a national standpoint which gave the impression that Europe was no more than the postal address of the nation the writer happened to belong to.

Europe looks like a mere promontory of Asia on the map of the earth: but on the map of the human mind Asia and the whole world have for centuries looked like a promontory of Europe, so vast an energy has radiated from that small continent. Now it seems that the world's axis is changing and Asia is to overshadow Europe. It is no mere European provincialism that makes one feel that as a tragedy. And it still need not happen if men born of the European energy would realize how vast a thing the European spirit has been and what losses are involved in its passing.

This is the message of all Mr. Dawson's recent writing. If Europe could recover political unity it need not pass; but the sense of the reality of Europe will only be recovered in contemporary politics, if the European point of view is recovered in history too. Men must realize afresh what it is that Europe stands for and how that unique society of peoples which we call Europe came into existence.

It is from this point of view that Mr. Dawson has approached the subject. He has chosen what is perhaps the most neglected of all periods of history—the 700 years from the fourth to the eleventh centuries, for that age, in spite of its apparent confusion and emptiness, witnessed the formation of a new society and a new culture—the birth of European unity.

In order to bring out the essential character of this movement Mr. Dawson has devoted special attention to the parallel and contrasted developments of culture in the Near East, in fact his book gives a very complete survey of the remarkable achievements of Byzantine and Islamic culture, which are so often neglected or misunderstood by students of mediaeval European history. In this, as in the main subject of the book, it has been his aim to view history from inside as a living spiritual process instead of as an external study of an inorganic mass of dead facts and past events.

—F. J. S.

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stage and screen have tackled the subject of homecoming and adjustment; the most serious novel to date about this lively current event is this one by Niven Busch. Although Busch stacks his cards and is more interested in exciting melodrama than a typical situation, he still manages to make us consider the problem more as a problem than a divertisement in fiction.

"They Dream of Home" tells the story of five men who were discharged from the armed forces. Having fought together on an island in the Pacific, they considered themselves a unit that was bound together by what they had been through and would stick together come what may. As Busch relates the difficulties of their readjustment to civilian life in Los Angeles and its environs, he traces the pattern of their disillusionment as well as the disintegration of the unity of the group—a disintegration that was necessary for complete assimilation into civilian life. None of these men could really return to what he had left behind.

Klein returned to find that his bride has remarried several times and had run off with his allotment checks. He became a butcher and married a widow who bleached her hair. Kincheloe, a Negro whose muscles had been put to good use by the Seabees, returned with one arm and no legs. The group saved him from the veteran's home, but his future was not too bright, even under the watchful eye of his mother. Gunny, the 53-year-old Marine sergeant who found his 4-F son had become the head of the house, felt old and useless in his own family circle. Full of resentment at being "a tolerated permanent intruder," he moved out, went to work in a defense plant, but was finally glad to return to his wife when his son married. Tabeshaw, an ill-tempered Indian who had proved so valuable as a raider scout, went completely berserk after getting a bad-conduct discharge, robbed Klein's shop, shot at a policeman, landed in San Quentin. Cliff Harper, the book's main figure, a 19-year-old *man* after 22 months in the service, felt ill-at-ease with his parents who considered him a boy. Discharged because of an abdominal wound and combat nerves, he found himself a misfit in civilian society, but he was greatly impressed by the power service men might have by staying together. He failed to adjust himself at the university (where he almost killed a man who roughed him up in a football game) or to find his real niche at the defense plant. He, most of all, regretted the disbandment of the group when each member followed his personal interests and went his own way. The book's end has him leaving for Oregon after he and the girl, with whom he had been having an affair, decided that marriage was not for them now.

Although Busch dismisses some of his characters too lightly and fails to project them as real people, he delves deeply into Cliff; but even with him the author's intentions are not too clear. Is Busch foreshadowing the model for the next lost generation, the new jazz age? Busch might have strengthened his novel by deciding for whom he was writing. His style varies from poetic prose to realistic descriptions full of slang and vernacular. His incidents vary in content from bedroom scenes for true confession readers to socially significant passages of indignation at racial discrimination. In spite of the uneven quality of its writing, this book has an accumulative effect that succeeds in giving the reader food for thought about all the men who will soon, God grant, be returning and finding their rightful places. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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China among the Powers. David N. Rowe. Harcourt. $2.00.

MR. ROWE had a good start, in his birth at Chungking. He has used it lucidly and well, in his advanced studies at Princeton, Harvard, Southern California and Chicago. After returning to China in 1942, he is now Research Associate at the Institute of International Studies at Yale.

China, he claims, is by right one of the great powers of the world, since China is in fact the balance wheel for all. And that in spite of the fact that China does not possess demonstrably the vast riches of tradition. China's over-population is weakness rather than a strength, increasing in spite of all limitations by war, famine and disease. China's population is agricultural and is 75 percent poor tenants. China has no coherent government. China cannot of itself become a military threat to other Asiatic nations, or prevent the resurgence of Japanese power. All help must come from outside. China has, however, lost much of its territory during the past century to Britain, France, Russia and Japan. Yet Russia, Great Britain and the United States are now called on to, and must, help China to develop itself as a nation strong enough to play its proper rôle in maintaining the peace of the Orient, without which there can be no peace in the world. In all that he is entirely correct, and it is all based upon the assumption that: "When the war is over . . . the great powers . . . will emerge with a common desire for peace and security. They will enjoy the status of partners in the formal organization of society."

One must accept that assumption, but not blindly. Russia is primarily a land and air power operating on two contiguous continents. The British Empire, if it is to survive and develop itself right will be a sea, land, and air power spread all over the world. The United States, a sea and air power, now holds and will continue to hold its outer frontier practically up against the Asaiatic continental coast.

Each of these Big Three is now consolidating its position with regard to Asia and China in particular with all the military, economic and diplomatic strength it possesses. Mr. Rowe is clear and cogent that there can be no peace without such an honest partnership; that territorial restitution must be made; that there shall be no overlapping of vital interests provocative of further rivalries between the powers. Part Three of his small book presents an excellent presentation on "Integrating China's Power." Part Four presents "China in the World of Tomorrow." It is an assumption that the Big Three will understand that. It is a certainty that without such a partnership with China, European civilization cannot go on. WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Wild Orchard. Isabel Dick. Crowell. $2.50.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND, now known as Tasmania, is virgin soil, as far as I know, for fiction. Mrs. Dick, the author, represents the fourth generation of one of the pioneer families and her story is compounded of tradition and native enthusiasm.

In was in 1840 that a young Tasmanian named Halifax, sent to England to study hop-raising, persuaded Canon Bracken of Rochester to let him take back the youngest Miss Bracken as his bride. It seems a bit startling that the Brackens consented so readily to their daughter journeying half way round the world with a comparative

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stranger until one remembers the fierce competition between the county families with marriageable daughters in Miss Austen. At all events Harriat, granddaughter of an Earl, appears to have enjoyed the three-month voyage across the Pacific with a wealthy tanner's son and when they found that there was nothing left of the shack on the tract of land they were to farm, she settled down to living in a tent in the "bush." It was a lonely life for a girl brought up in an English rectory, but Harriat christened her wild acres "Parklands," planted an English flower garden and instituted a Strawberry Festival—which was a sure touch of home although the strawberries were ripe at Christmas! It was also homelike to have some landed proprietors — howsoever nondescript — as neighbors, but even if Harriat found that free speech and easy manners were noticeable among the workmen—compared to Rochester—there was none of the frank equality of our Western frontier. The sharp class cleavage may partly have come from the institution of convict labor. Van Diemen's had been born as a convict colony and the Halifax house, roads and hop casts were all built by convicts hired from the Government. Unlike the later British policy towards the Papuans of New Guinea, the aboriginal Tasmanians had been treated as so much dangerous wild game, and just before Harriat's arrival they had all been driven out of the bush and left to die of homesickness on a small island. The only hazard to settlement were the runaway prisoners who had become the notorious bushrangers. Harriat was once alone in the house when the leader of one of these gangs dropped in, and only her calm and courtesy saved her. She also had a narrow escape with an ex-convict girl whom she engaged as a cook who was also a manic-depressive with a complex against babies. Maggie tortured a kitten and then nearly murdered Harriat's infant son. The influx of Irish immigrants saved an uncomfortable domestic situation.

The building of the Halifax house in the wilderness can't fail to draw comparison with "The Building of Jalna" but I have to confess that, although written with the greatest sincerity and with a hero and heroine with far higher standards than the Whiteoaks, "Wild Orchard" is not so readable a story. Mrs. Dick has yet to acquire that quick perceptiveness of Mazo de la Roche in appraising the value of detail. She often takes pages to frame some picture which more vivid writing might have accomplished in as many paragraphs. She also has the disadvantage of viewing her subject matter in such a mist of enthusiasm that it obscures her perspective. In the end it is really the description of Tasmania which holds the interest rather than the characters. The beauty of the landscape with its hills, fast flowing rivers and luxuriant soil is stressed. And, in case no geography is at hand, let us remind you that Tasmania lies off Australia, just south of Melbourne, and is in the same temperate zone as New Zealand.

E. V. R. WYATT.

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